

VOLUME XVII.

MT. VERNON, ROCKCASTLE COUNTY, KY., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1904.

NUMBER 22.

1904 BARGAINS
KRUEGER & SONS,

Fertilizer At \$1.15 per
Hundred lbs

BONE MEAL \$1.25 Per Hundred
Pounds.

We want and must sell this, this season, because we must
have the room.

Bissell Chilled Plows and repairs all at low prices.
Eagle Pots that will improve your house. Come and get
YOUR price on same before buying.

The Year 1903 has gone and passed and we are well
satisfied with our trade during that year, but our trade has
been growing each year and to make it better in 1904, than
ever before, we will give a "Beautiful Picture Frame" to our
cash customers at the end of each month.

So call up Phone No. 87 and we will
be delighted to wait on you.

KRUEGER & SONS,
MT. VERNON, KY.

POLITICS AND POLITICIANS

The Ohio Legislature will ballot
Mon. 1 for a successor to Senator
Hanna.

The citizens of Frankfort will
give a banquet to the members of
the General Assembly, State offi-
cials and invited guests, Tuesday
evening, March 1st, in celebration
of the Legislature's action in pro-
viding for new State buildings.

The bill to regulate political par-
ties in the state by prohibiting com-
mitteemen from holding public of-
fices came up in the house Monday.
The chances are that the measure
will pass both branches of the Gen-
eral Assembly.

The Democratic committee of
the first district has issued a call
for a primary on May 7 to nomi-
nate a candidate for Congress to
succeed Congressman James. The
Committee induced Gov. Beckman
Senators McCreary and Blackburn
and Congressman James for dele-
gates-at-large to the National Dem-
ocratic Convention.

The bill to prohibit the co-edu-
cation of races in Kentucky, passed
by the House almost unanimously
will doubtless receive a similar
treatment in the Senate, and then
will be removed one of the great
est menaces to white supremacy in
the State. Let the institution be
made straight out negro school or
removed to a more congenial sec-
tion for the domination of social
equality ideas—Lexington Demo-
cratic Convention.

Gov. Herrick and W. E. Cox are
out of the race for United States
Senate from Ohio to succeed the
late M. A. Hanna, and it is now
certain that the honor will go to
Gen. Charles W. Dick. Gov. Herrick's
refusal to enter the contest
is ascribed to a promise given Mr
Hanna that he would serve out his
term as Governor and thus prevent
the Lieutenant Governor, a For-
mer adherent, from becoming Gov-
ernor.

CANCER CURED!!

Mr. W. W. Prickett, Smithfield,
Ill., writes, Sept. 10th, 1901: "I
had been suffering several years
with a cancer on my face, which
gave me great annoyance and un-
bearable itching. I was using Bal-
lard's Snow Liniment for a sore
leg, and through an accident, I
rubbed some of the liniment on the
cancer, and as it gave me almost im-
mediate relief, I decided to continue
to use the liniment on the cancer.
In a short time the cancer come out
and my face healed up and there
is not the slightest scar left. I have
implicit faith in the merits of this
preparation, and it cannot be too
highly recommended." 25c, 50c
and \$1.00, at Chas. C. Davis' drug-
store.

One of the crookedest of rivers
is the Jordan. In covering a dis-
tance of sixty miles, for that is the
length of a straight line drawn on
the map between the Sea of Galilee
and the Dead Sea, it runs 212 miles
because of the multiplication of its
windings.

COBB WILL NOT RUN

J. Tevis Cobb, of Richmond, Ky.,
county attorney of Madison, was
in the city this morning on busi-
ness. Mr. Cobb's name has been
quite prominently mentioned in
connection with the Democratic
nomination for Congress in the
Eighth district. A Leader reporter
asked him for an interview on this
point.

"Rumor has it, Mr. Cobb, that
you will be a candidate for Congress
in the Eighth to succeed the Hon.
G. G. Gilbert; will you make the
race?"

"Not if the court knows itself,"
replied Mr. Cobb, with a merry
twinkle in his eye. "I fear I have
been running too much already. I
need rest and the public does,
too."

Mr. Cobb has three times been
elected County Attorney of Mad-
ison, each time by an increased ma-
jority, proving his popularity, and it
was to this that he evidently re-
ferred.

"Will Madison your home coun-
ty, instruct for the Hon. Harvey
Helm, of Lincoln?" continued the
Leader man.

"It will unless Madison has a
candidate, and I hardly think that
probable, I have understood that
both Gilbert and Moore have been
trying to bring out a man in Mad-
ison to prevent the delegation being
instructed to Helm, but their efforts
have so far been unsuccessful."

"Who has the best of the race so
far, as you see it?"

"Helm, undoubtedly. Madison
county has always dictated the
nomination and if its delegation
goes for Helm, and the sentiment
is decidedly in his favor, he has the
nomination as good as cinched. In
the past years, when Madison had
a candidate in the field, she could
count on Lincoln's support. As
an instance of her loyalty, look
how she stood by McCreary. Now
that Lincoln has a candidate, it is
no more than right that we should
reciprocate the courtesy."

"Is it a fact that when Mr. Gil-
bert ran two years ago he promised
that he would not again make
the race?"

"I cannot say. I have heard this
statement attributed to him. He
is now serving his third term and
many of the leading politicians who
supported him in his other races
think he should step aside and give
other aspirants a chance. Madison
county feels kindly toward Mr.
Helm, the Lincoln county entry."

Secretary of War Taft was a
guest Monday night at a ban-
quet in Cincinnati. The leading
address was delivered by Judge
Judson Harmon.

Twenty-five men, women and
children were killed and many others
injured by the explosion of dy-
namite on the Southern Pacific
railroad at Jackson, Utah.

Heart disease and nervous pros-
tration are almost unknown among
the Japanese. This immunity is
attributed to the equanimity and
cheerfulness of the Japanese.

An Adanless Eden sort of a
bank is projected for New York
City. It is to be capitalized and
offered by women, and will solicit
the patronage of women exclusively.

In the fourth century was intro-
duced the quill or the feather pen.
The first steel pen was made in the
latter half of the eighteenth century,
and the first gold pen in the
first half of the nineteenth century.

A dispatch from Port Arthur
says the first land encounter oc-
curred Friday. A picket of Cos-
sacks attacked a small detachment
of Japanese troops on Korean ter-
ritory. The Cossacks captured
some Japanese prisoners, on whom
they found maps and papers. The
collision was presumably between
reconnoitering parties. A general
engagement is not expected imme-
diately.

The funeral of Senator Marcus
A. Hanna took place Friday after-
noon at St. Paul's Episcopal church
in Cleveland. A multitude of peo-
ple surrounded the church, admitt-
ance to the services being by card.

The funeral eulogy was delivered
by Bishop Leonard, after which the
body was deposited in a vault at
Lakeview cemetery. All business
was suspended in Cleveland during
the hours of the funeral and traffic
on all steam and electric roads was
stopped for five minutes as a mark
of respect.

BETTER THAN GOLD.

"I was troubled for several years
with chronic indigestion and nerv-
ous debility," writes F. J. Green, of
Lancaster, N. H. "No remedy
helped me until I began using Elec-
tric Bitters, which did me more
good than all the medicines I ever
used. They have also kept my
wife in excellent health for years.
She says Electric Bitters are just

splendid for female troubles; that

they are a grand tonic and invig-
orator for weak, run down women.

No other medicine can take its place

in our family." Try them. Only

50c, with a guaranteed satisfaction.

Sold by all druggists.

MYSTERIOUS CIRCUMSTANCES.

One was pale pale a sallow and
the other fresh and rosy. Whence
the difference? She, who is blushing
with health, uses Dr. King's

New Life Pills to maintain it.

By gently arousing the lazy organs

they compel good digestion and

head off constipation. Try them.

Only 25c, at all druggists.

With the engineer asleep and

an inexperienced fireman on duty,

a Baltimore and Ohio freight train

ran twenty miles on the wrong

track from Otisco, Ind., to the Big

Four bridge in Jeffersonville. The

train was bound for New Albany.

NEWS ITEMS.

Fire in Boston caused a loss of
\$100,000.

It is reported that the Dowager

Empress of China is dead.

Small-pox, as well as measles, has

broken out on the battleship Main.

Carroll D. Wright says religion

is the true solution of the labor

problem.

A fire in Cincinnati Saturday
night destroyed property valued at
\$200,000.

J. Wash. Adams a well known

lawyer of Whitesburg, Ky., is mys-

teriously missing.

Sir William Mulock, K. C. M. G.
M. P., Postmaster General of Can-
ada will visit Louisville soon.

A movement is already on foot at

Cleveland, Ohio, for the erection of

a memorial to Senator Hanna.

A five year old daughter of D.
M. Mullens, of Morehead, fell in
the fire and was burned to death.

London beer makers send among
the people of the poorer districts
canvassers, who sell on the instal-
ment plan.

The will of the late Gov. John
Young Brown was admitted to pro-
bate at Henderson. His estate is
estimated at \$15,000.

Because she refused to marry
him Will Lanning shot and killed
Emma Buebler, at Ripon, Wis.,
and committed suicide.

The Post-office department has
begun a crusade against the print-
ing of objectionable advertisements
and stories in newspapers.

Tom Mann and John Fairchild
negroes, escaped from their cell
and sealed the walls of the Frank-
fort penitentiary Sunday night.

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stopped for five minutes as a mark
of respect.

RELIEF IN ONE MINUTE.
One Minute Cough Cure gives
relief in one minute, because it kills
the microbe which tickles the mu-
cous membrane, causing the cough
and at the same time clears the
phlegm, draws out the inflammation
and heals and soothes the affected
parts. One Minute Cough Cure
strengthens the lungs, wards off
pneumonia and is a harmless and
never failing cure in all curable
cases of coughs, colds and croup.

One Minute Cough Cure is pleasant
to take, harmless and good alike
for young and old. Sold by Chas.
C. Davis, the druggist.

If subscribers are seeking an op-
portunity to pay up, they will
find it just now—so far as we are
concerned. We are especially anxious
for some who have neglected us
for several years. Let us see
you for your smiling face now.

BETTER THAN GOLD.

"I was troubled for several years
with chronic indigestion and nerv-
ous debility," writes F. J. Green, of
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head off constipation. Try them.

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With the engineer asleep and

an inexperienced fireman on duty,

a Baltimore and Ohio freight train

ran twenty miles on the wrong

track from Otisco, Ind., to the Big

Four bridge in Jeffersonville. The

MT VERNON SIGNAL

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1904.

Published every Friday by
EDGAR S. ALBRIGHT.

SUBSCRIPTION ONE YEAR \$1.00

Advertising rates made known on
application

HON. D. L. MOORE.

Of Mercer county, is a candidate for Congress in the Eighth district, to succeed Hon. G. G. Gilbert, subject to the action of the Democratic party. Your support is earnestly solicited.

The trial of A. C. Adams at Cynthiana Monday, on the charge of swearing falsely in the Jett-White trial, resulted in a sensational confession by the defendant. Adams told the jury that he was induced to testify in behalf of Jett and White through bribery and threats on his life coming through George Bowling. His statements implicated James Hargis, Ed Callahan and B. F. French. He was given one year in the penitentiary.

It has been known by the general public from the very hour that Marcus was assassinated that there were more than one or two men connected and the ones at whose door suspicion has placed the guilt, will we trust before many more days have passed be brought before the courts of justice to answer for this terrible crime. The just reward for which, should be a dungeon at the end of a good hemp rope

SCRAPS

—o—

(BY JET)

Twinkle, twinkle little diamond,
Up above the poor so high,
Like a star set in the sky.

Oh! I'd thank you for your spark
For I could by your twinkling blaze

For myself make many a raise
And mingle with the wealthy sage,

Horse-radish is scarce and high,
Chance for an inventor of horseless
radish.

"Is this a rush order?" inquired the manager of the canned meatery. "It amounts to the same thing," said the foreign traveling agent; "it's a Russian order."

The Requirement.—"Does it take true genius to be a poet laureate?" asked the tourist.

"No," answered the English bard. "Not genius; courage."

"It may be because I am naturally of a nervous temperament," remarked the Genial Idiot, "but when a man looks fixedly at the umbrella I carry I am filled with a vague unrest."

To every one there comes in life a great turning point for good or evil, and this is generally brought about by some crushing sorrow.

Not Even the Clock.—Mrs. Bacon—What was the matter with your last cook? Wouldn't she mind you?

Mrs. Egbert—Mind me! Why, she wouldn't even mind the alarm clock!

The would-be atheist is inclined to believe in a God, when the thunders roar, when the lightning strikes, or when the earth quakes.—Rev. John F. Noll, in Columbian.

The lady with the sour-grapes cast of countenance had called to see him on a matter of business. "He is engaged," said the office boy.

"What of it?" she snapped, "I don't want to marry him."

Clinical Desperation.—First it snows and then it thaws.

And then a rain is brewing,
And then the doctor has you and
You don't care what it's doing.

"We want a man for our information bureau," said the manager, "but he must be one who can answer all sorts of questions and not lose his head." "That's me," replied the applicant, "I'm the father of eight children."

"You look run down."

"I am run down; I haven't slept a wink for two nights. I've been suffering from a carbuncle."

"Er—may I ask where it is?"
"On my husband's neck."

Mrs. Noolbridge—The surest proof that a man loves his wife is when he buys her everything she wants.

Mrs. Elderbride—Not at all. The surest proof is when he buys her everything she wants—and doesn't growl about it.

If anybody has lost their 'off overshoe they can have the same by applying to Fred Hess. It is also reported that two other pair are missing, but Fred can only be held for one "overshoe." Anybody having overshoes that don't belong to them will kindly leave them at this office.—Nemaha (Ia) Register

A darned old town hog got into the Baptist Church one day this week and chewed up a lot of hymn books and their organ cover. We haven't learned on what date a poke supper will be given to repair the damage incurred. Where is the health inspector "at?"—Snedeville (Tenn.) Times.

"You think you can see through a milestone because you are built around a hold," said the figure-eight doughnut to the round one.

"Oh, go long!" said the rounder, "you are all twisted."

Her Opinion.—Do you—aw—really believe that a woman can make a fool of any man? asked Mr. Saufley.

"Yes, if nature doesn't get the start of her, answered Miss Cutting.

"Spouter says he dreamed he was making a great speech last night, and got so wrought up that he tumbled out of the bed." "I see," said the friend, "you took the floor."

Evidently Not.—"I suppose," said Mrs. Oldcastle, "your son, like most of the young men of the present day, is looking forward with a great deal of eagerness to his patrimony."

"Oh," replied her hostess, "there ain't any Irish blood in our family at all. Josiah's folks all came from Massachusetts and I'm from New Jersey stock."

Conundrums.—What does a cat have that no other animal has? Kittens.—Why is an old man like a dog's tail? Because they are both infirm.—Why is a beehive like a bad potato? A beehive is a beeholder, a beeholder is a spectator, and a speckled 'tater is a bad 'tater.

They had been discussing the baby's ears, eyes and nose. "And I think it's got its father's hair," said the joyful young mother. "Oh, is that who's got it? I noticed it was missing." And as the tall girl with the stately manner said this the mother looked dubiously at her.

An Eastern woman has prepared a paper for the instruction of her sisters, entitled "How a Woman May Save Herself While Shopping." Statistics gleaned during the last twenty years proves that a woman hardly ever saves anything else while shopping.

Nannie—Yes, he declared that he was willing to go to the ends of the earth for me.

Maude—And what did you say?

Nannie—I told him it would be just as satisfactory to me and much easier for him if he would go home—and he went.

New \$10 counterfeit bill can be detected only by the "feel." Wonder if it feels like 30 cents when detected.

W. D. Howells, the novelist, has never failed when any one has appealed to his compunction, to come out with a neat retort. When Mr. Howells was Consul to Venice, a very lean and long American, a man of slender build, was asked by one of the students who naturally appeared unable to concentrate their attention on any subject.

"By natural endowment there are two classes, the orderly and the mind-wandering," said the university president. "Mind wandering is a disease, marked by inability to concentrate attention. Some young men and young women come to us able to read eight or ten pages—to really read and keep their minds on the subject—others can read only five, and still others cannot read a page and keep their attention concentrated on the subject. These are afflicted with mind wandering.

Since the university was established four men and four women of whose cases I know, have found it necessary to leave the university on account of his failing.

"But it is a habit of mind which can be cured. Every one of you has a will, by exerting your will you can overcome any leaning toward mind wandering."

Dr. Harper wanted each freshman to do some self analysis, classify himself, and then act to develop himself as the analysis shows need.

"One of our professors says he can judge character by handwriting without making a mistake," said Dr. Harper. "I do not believe that, but you can tell something about character in handwriting."

Better If He Were Worse.—"My husband," complains the wife, "is so puritanical! He does not believe in theaters, dancing, card playing, clubs or any of the modern forms of amusement."

"Indeed," murmurs the confidant. "But (soothsaying) you should remember that you took him for better or worse."

"I know, and I can't help thinking how much better it would be if he were worse."

Senator Allison of Iowa, famed for his conservatism and his compromises, was at a dinner party a few nights ago. Along in the evening, after the game had been served and the glasses filled several times, an admirer of the Senator came over to him, put his hand on the Senator's shoulder and said, between sobs: "Allison, if you had ever in your life hit a man a good stiff punch in the slats and called him out of his name a few times you would have been President of these United States."

"You look run down."

"I am run down; I haven't slept a wink for two nights. I've been suffering from a carbuncle."

"Er—may I ask where it is?"
"On my husband's neck."

Mrs. Noolbridge—The surest proof that a man loves his wife is when he buys her everything she wants.

Mrs. Elderbride—Not at all. The surest proof is when he buys her everything she wants—and doesn't growl about it.

Couldn't bluff him.—"It was right funny," said Uncle Hosea, telling of the orchestra concert.

A smart-aleck lookin' feller set in the middle, an' all ter once the little man at the end o' the line hit the big drum a sassy rap. Well, the smart aleck feller shakes a little stick at the drummer, an' what does he do but hit her up ag'in' jes' ter show he was as good as the next man. An', by jinks! he didn't take no back talk—or, rather, no orders—from the smart aleck man because he jes' kept on i-whackin' that big drum in spite of the boss' shakin' that stick, 'suff to say he'd catch it if he didn't quit.

Yes, sir; I gloried in his sound, if he was little. An' at the end o' the time he whooped it up on that drum harder than ever. A little man for nerve every time."

ARE YOU RESTLESS AT NIGHT?

And harassed by a bad cough? Use Ballard's Horehound Syrup, it will secure you sound sleep and effect a prompt and radical cure.

25c, 50c and \$1.00 a bottle at Chas. C. Davis' drugstore.

WIVES VS. SCIENCE.

University Professors Assert That Married Life Prevents the Proper Application to Study.

Eight bachelor professors of the Northwestern university faculty refuse to agree to Dr. William R. Harper's definition of the ideal college professor. They present strong arguments in favor of the single state of the university instructor. Three declare they have no contemplation of marriage, viewing married life as detrimental to their success as instructors.

Prof. Alja R. Crook, the most striking example of the "bachelor" professor at the Evanston institution of learning, said:

"I do not think professors of science should marry. A scientist is so wrapped up in his work that he has no time to give to the details of married existence. A scientist must give all his attention to his subject if he would be successful. To marry would mean to divorce oneself partially from his science. I believe I have been more successful because of my single state."

Prof. A. V. E. Young, who is dean of the unmarried professors, said:

"Dr. Harper's theory is unsubstantiated by the past examples of scholars in the middle ages a scholar was a recluse who shut himself up in his monastic cell with his books of learning. Not a little of this recluseness must always cling to the teacher and scholar I believe that domestic life robs a university professor of much of his enthusiasm in his work."

Prof. O. F. Long said:

"Northwestern university has not suffered from its unusual number of unmarried professors. Family life broadening in its effect on the mind, and yet by this virtue it tends to distract specialization, which is now a perquisite of the university teacher."

Yves. 24-27. Here begins the conclusion of the most wonderful body of teaching the world has seen. Some of these lofty ethical teachings have been expressed by the founders of the great world religions, but always hopelessly mixed with the darkness of heathenism. We need not say that the world religions were all false, for they were not, but Jesus' teaching was all true. "Heareth these words of mine, and do them." The hearing without the doing would make one worse rather than better. "Shall be likened unto a wise man." Jesus does not say a good man, but a sensible man. The wise man took care what foundation he built upon, realizing that the building of a house was a serious matter and that if it was to prove equal to the tests of the storms of years, it must be built right from the foundation up. "Heareth these words of mine, and do them not." This man's opportunities were as good as the others, but he neglected them, did not realize the importance of a sound foundation. His mistake was "not in selecting a bad foundation, but in taking no thought of foundation; in beginning to build haphazard and anywhere; on loose sand, near the bed of a mountain stream."—Bruce. The result is as if a bad one had been purposely chosen, a house built on the sand will stand in fair weather. The foundation Jesus has been speaking of is one that will stand the tests of the storms of life. (Vs. 28, 29). As usual the impression made by the great Teacher was tremendous, and the distinctive thing about it was, as in a recent lesson, that He did not quote "authority" but spoke His own convictions directly from His own heart and from God. Those who heard Him felt that what He said was authoritative.

Spay Points.

They only rule who scorn all ridicule. No wrong path can lead to a right end. Honor leads back on the background of humility.

The guides to darkness find their way to their own element.

Better to be God's little child than the world's greatest man.

The moral melody leads aright when Christ is the mighty force.

There are many things in which our senses are like a sun-dial at night.

The sight of a wrong is the only commission the true man needs. —Ram's Horn.

The picture can only be accounted for in this way: A few months ago the mirror was taken to Decatur on a steamboat from Chattanooga. It was on the lower deck, the face turned toward the water. On the trip, heavy storm raged at night, and the lightning was vivid.

During the storm another steamer passed, and just as it was passing a vivid flash of lightning reflected the image of the passing steamer in the glass. It is supposed that the lightning photographed the image of the steamer on the face of the looking glass.

The picture was only discovered a few days ago by accident by a customer. The proprietors did not know of the picture being there before. The picture will not rub or wash off.

The picture can only be seen when a person stands at a certain angle from the glass.

Want your moustache or beard?

a beautiful brown or rich black? Use

BUCKINGHAM'S DYE

100% of DYE—100% of COLOR—100% of LOWEST PRICE

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100% of DYE—100% of COLOR—100% of LOWEST PRICE

BUCKINGHAM'S DYE

MT VERNON SIGNAL

MT VERNON, KY., FEB. 28, 1904

79 Call up "No. 29" when you want to communicate with SIGNAL.



TIME TABLE.

24 north..... 12:06 p.m.
26 north..... 1:37 a.m.
23 south..... 1:29 p.m.
5 South..... 1:13 a.m.

JAS. LANDRUM, Agent
Phone No. 58.

Entered at the Mt. Vernon, Ky., Post-office as second-class mail matter

PERSONAL

B. F. Sutton is very sick.
Conn Brown is on the sick list.
Dick Welch's children have measles.

Eber Mullins was reported very sick yesterday.

Mrs. Georgia Rice is numbered among the sick.

Harry Chasteen moved to the country Wednesday.

Hon. W. A. B. Davis was a home from Frankfort Sunday.

Mrs. Jane Bloomer is visiting her sister, Mrs. Matilda Houk.

Jack McMullin, who had his leg broken some time ago, is about able to be out again.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Brannaman are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Green Bryant at Corbin.

Cashier W. L. Richards and little son, Ramie, are in Gallatin county this week.

Mr. Hugh Robinson, of Indianapolis, is here visiting his daughter, Mrs. V. R. Beck.

Luther Manor's wife and two daughters are suffering from a severe attack of the grip.

Mr. and Mrs. U. C. Baker visit relatives at Livingston and Mullins Station, this week.

Mrs. George Brown, of Freedom who has been so low for a long time, is considerably better.

Mrs. Mae Seely was on Wednesday's afternoon train enroute to Wilton to see her sister, Mrs. Neil.

Mesdames Sallie Williams and Clio Brown are in Cincinnati buying their Spring stock of Millinery.

Clay Gentry came home from Lebanon Junction Sunday, very sick. He has been having hemorrhages.

J. H. Dunn, W. C. Mullins and R. A. Whitehead were visitors from our neighboring towns yesterday.

H. V. Bastin, a rising young electrician of Lancaster, was here this week looking after the telephone lines.

County Attorney L. W. Bethurum will attend the Knight Templar's Conclave at San Francisco, this summer.

Wade Levisay's wife has been very low for several days and the doctors say there is no chance for her recovery.

Wade Brown was here Wednesday and told us that his father, "Buck Varnon" was very sick and had been for over a month.

Tyree Gentry was slightly bruised up about the head by a train in the Lebanon Junction yards, a few days since. He is not serious.

R. B. Mullins left Wednesday for a trip through the Eastern part of the State. Reuben represents a good house and is doing a nice business.

W. A. Carson, the Brodhead painter, was here this week closing some contracts for work. One of the buildings he has is Wm. Poynter's residence.

P. D. Black, son of the Hon. James D. Black, of Barbourville, passed through Wednesday enroute home from Louisville, where he had been to take the Knight Templar's degree.

"Elmer Lechleiter is a number one railroad man," said another employee to us a few days ago. Elmer is not afraid of work and that is what it takes to make a good railroader.

Mr. Prince, one of the Knox county oil men, for whom Miss Ida May Adams worked, when she was in Barbourville, was here Wednesday to see if she would again accept her old position. She will probably accept.

LOCAL

Rev. Ballou, of Stanford, will preach at the Christian church Sunday.

Read elsewhere in this issue the advertisement of Granville Owens, undertaker, Brodhead.

Judge Jarvis expects to hold a three weeks' term of court in May o as to clear the docket.

Rev. J. A. Sawyers will lecture at the Methodist church, Brodhead, next Thursday night, March 3rd.

We understand that W. R. McClellan has rented Dr. John M. Williams property and will start a hotel.

A new post office will be established at Fish & Smith's store about half way between here and Wildie.

Deputy Sheriff J. W. Tate took Joel Sutton to the pen Monday. Joel got five years for killing Obe Mullins.

A. J. Fish bought the stock of goods of W. H. Chasteen. The style of the firm is the Mt. Vernon Grocery Co.

The foundation for the new brick plant which is being put in at Cook's Siding, alone, will cost something over \$4000.

C. M. Cummins has taken charge in the basement and in a short time will be prepared to supply thoroughly the wants of the hungry.

John R. Palmer has tendered his resignation as cashier of the Citizens Bank and will be succeeded by McCalla Fitzgerald. London Democrat.

If you have a farm you want sold report same to the Rockcastle Real Estate Co., and it will be looked after.

E. S. ALBRIGHT, Gen. Mang.

The Idol and Burke boys who were indicted for breaking into a box car and taking a number of things, at Livingston, are in jail being unable to give the \$250.00.

The ladies of the Baptist church met with Mrs. M. Pennington on 1st Tuesday afternoon and organized. The Ladies Baptist Home Mission Society. They will meet at the homes of the different members each Tuesday. They meet with Mrs. Richards next time.

Miss Julia Williams, daughter of Mr. J. T. Williams, of London, and Mr. Charles Lord, Washington D. C. were married last Monday at the home of the bride. They left immediately after the ceremony for Washington where they will make their future home.

John Fox, Jr. the young author and magazine writer, of Big Stone Gap, Wise County, Va., has accepted an offer to go to Japan for Scribner's Magazine in connection with the war in the Far East. He is at present in New York, whence he will soon sail for the Far East.

Mr. M. W. DeBoard, age 76, died yesterday morning at six o'clock at his home near Level Green. For several months he had been very low and the news of his death came as no surprise to his many friends. The burial will take place this afternoon at the Mt. Pleasant grave yard.

AFTER MANY YEARS.

Jim Gill, a negro, is in jail at Newcastle on a charge of murder, after being a fugitive for nine years. He is responsible for the separate coach law in Kentucky. He fired at a negro on the L. & N. train and struck a beautiful young lady and this caused the passage of the Jim Crow bill.

The electric light franchise for furnishing lights to the town of London for the next ten years was sold at public auction Monday, and was granted to J. B. Eberlein.

Messrs. R. M. Jackson W. F. Palmer will be associated with Mr. Eberlein, and these three will constitute the company. It is thought that the plant will be installed and in operation within the next ninety days. —Mountain Democrat.

An effort is being made by a number of local capitalists to start up a creamery here, with milk stations at Houstonville, McKinney, Crab Orchard, Maywood and Lytle.

As there is no such enterprise in this section of county there is every reason to believe that it will succeed if vigorously pushed. —Interior Journal.

It seems to us that such an enterprise would be no mistake in this county.

LIVINGSTON

Andrew Buchanan died at Crab Orchard Monday morning at 2 o'clock of consumption, aged 27. About two years ago Mr. Buchanan realized that he had the terrible disease, and went West for his health, but realizing no benefit from climate and knowing that he must die, returned a few weeks ago to his old home to spend his last hours. The burial took place with Masonic honors Tuesday afternoon in the Crab Orchard cemetery.

MARRIED.—Mr. Green Bryant of Corbin, and Miss Mae Coffey, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lee Coffey, of near Wildie, were married Wednesday at the home of the bride, the Rev. M. G. Fish officiating. The bride and groom, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Brannaman came to Mt. Vernon and took the afternoon train for Corbin, where they will make their future home. The SIGNAL extends to them its heartiest congratulations.

The following special was sent from Livingston on Feb. 19th:

R. E. Goodloe, of White's Station, Ky., is in this city with the intention of organizing a bank.

The proposition is meeting with much favorable comment, and it is hoped it will meet with success.

At present it is necessary for the business men here to go to Stanford, Mt. Vernon or London for banking purposes.

Whether the bank will be started or not we can not say, but in the event it should, is there sufficient business in the county to support two banks.

A movement is on foot at Yellow Springs, near Xenia, O., to move Berea College from Kentucky to the Ohio town. Owing to the fight in Kentucky over the mingling of the races at Berea College, President Frost has expressed the determination to do as he pleases, even at the expense of moving the institution. John Bryan, a wealthy farmer near Yellow Springs, and a warm friend of Antioch College, where blacks and whites are educated together, has offered a large tract of land and some money if the Berea College will move there and consolidate with the Ohio institution. A committee of the residents of Yellow Springs has been formed and steps will be taken to raise the money needed if President Frost will agree to the move.

Says an exchange: The mountains of Kentucky afford many queer names of streams, peaks, towns and villages, but perhaps none are more remarkable than Kingdom Come and Why Not. The first of these is the name of a stream in Leslie county; is taken from the Lord's Prayer, and is the scene of John Fox Jr.'s recent story—"Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come."

The second is the name of a small post office in the county, and originates from the old song,

"Why Not To-night?" It is said

that an interesting religious revival was once held in this locality, at which this song was sung a great deal. And the people became so carried away with the music that the place was ever afterward called Why Not.

KNOWN AT MT. VERNON.—Dr. R. Goldstein, the well known optician who has been coming here for years, has gotten into serious trouble according to the following account from the Adair County News: "About six months ago Dr. R. Goldstein, came here for the purpose of practicing his profession. While here he was charged with reprehensible conduct, and at the Circuit Court following he was indicted for detaining a woman against her will. A short time after the true bill had been returned Dr. Goldstein was arrested at Glasgow on a bench warrant sent from the Adair Circuit Court. He gave bond in the sum of five hundred dollars for his appearance at the present term, last Thursday being the day set for his trial. The doctor arrived in due time and remained here until Wednesday night when he left going in the direction of Greensburg. The case was called next day and the bond was forfeited. Persons who conversed with Goldstein while here are satisfied that he did not realize the magnitude of his crime until a few hours before he took his departure. It is our understanding that the gentlemen of Glasgow who were on his bond, are now trying to locate him. It is the general opinion here that he had gone into trial he would have been given a term in the penitentiary."

Andrew Sutton bought of Bailey Anderson a farm on Copper Creek consisting of 160 acres. He also bought of John Anderson a team of horses price \$135.

Regardless of the cold weather,

the wood, pole and lumber business continues to move along at the usual rate. Large quantities of all are shipped from this place.

Charley Hohn, of Crab Orchard,

passed through Wednesday with a load of seed oats purchased from J. W. Moore. If we had a few more such farmers as Mr. Moore, how much better our county would be.

J. W. Turpin while sauntering around in Martin-Sowder & Co's store discovered W. B. Belknap's catalogue. Mr. Turpin turned to

Mr. Sowder and said: "What in the deuce are you doing with Morris Belknap's platform?"

The Board of Trustees of the town of Brodhead, hope to be able to spend about \$300 on street improvements this summer. Mt. Vernon, although the county seat and supposed to be the best town in the county, had better come down and take a few lessons on general improvements.

A woman likes to be truly loved and to be told so.

She likes some noble, honorable man to be thoughtful of her, kind and considerate of her welfare.

When well and becomingly dressed, a quite notice of it is always appreciated.

She wants her husband not only to be her supporter, but her companion, remembering that it is the kind word that often brings her greater happiness than a new set of dishes, though presents like the latter are always welcome.

A word of praise for a nice dinner or supper often more than compensates her the worry and work of preparation.

She likes to be made realize that she is good for something besides a mere household drudge.

She likes to be petted occasionally but not in public. The little private pet names are very dear to a woman's heart.—Ex.

Miss Mary Dyehouse, of Lincoln county is the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Geo. Pope.

Mesdames James Strange and Walter Miller and Miss Jennie Hammond are now on the sick list.

Mrs. John S. Cooper, who was

sick at Mt. Vernon, was able to return home Sunday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Lee Webb, of Louisville and Mr. and Mrs. Satterfield of Lebanon Junction have returned home.

Miss Sallie Roller, of Lebanon Junction, returned home Monday. She was the guest of Mrs. Jessie Roller.

Misses Ina and Elizabeth Roberts returned to Gum Sulphur Sunday after a pleasant visit with Miss Lida Cook.

Miss Cordie Mullins returned to Middlesboro Thursday. She was the guest of her mother, Mrs. Nan McWhorter.

Mrs. Kate Magee and Lon Joe Magee were the guests this week of Sam and Harry Magee and Mrs. Jessie Browning.

Miss Nannie McGuire returned home Tuesday after a two months visit with her sister, Mrs. John Shearer of Paris.

Mrs. Dee Bryant was called to Level Green this week on account of the serious illness of her father, Mr. M. W. DeBorde, who died yesterday morning.

Roy Mullins met with a very painful accident in the R. R. yards Saturday morning by getting two fingers badly mashed. He is still able to attend church parties with Soards by Joe.

BRODHEAD

J. F. Watson has pneumonia fever.

Jake Simpson's daughter has pneumonia.

Ebby Owens starts next Sunday for Illinois.

The sick ones reported last week are improving.

W. H. Sowder has bought the A. J. Sutton property.

John Cress was in town the first of the week looking for some hogs.

The family of J. E. Wallen will move to Lafayette, Tenn. in a short time.

Aunt Sallie Prewitt, of the Hiatt neighborhood, is very low with pneumonia.

New Denney and Mac Brown, of the Big Glades, were here Wednesday.

J. T. Sowder is putting a foundation under the Benton house.

The storm having set the house off the pillows.

Tom Baker, of Wildie was in town Wednesday looking for a house and shop.

Tom will move here if he can suit himself in a location.

Dannie Owens has received his new line of Undertaker's goods,

which is up-to-date and equal to anything to be found in many of our larger towns.

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consisting of 160 acres. He also

bought of John Anderson a team of horses price \$135.

Regardless of the cold weather,

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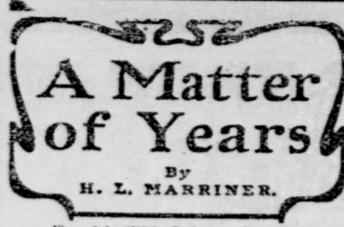
continues to move along at the

usual rate. Large quantities

of all are shipped from this place.

Charley Hohn, of Crab Orchard,

passed



A Matter of Years

By H. L. MARRINER.

(Copyright, 1901, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

His sister, who disliked Kate Marlock for reasons best known to herself, was continually saying spiteful little things about "girls who raised generations of young men," which is generally considered to be about as biting a thing as one young woman can say about another.

But this made no difference to poor Dick, except to make him rather more stubborn, and to make him more frequently dream of Kate's blue eyes and sweet face, and to make him try with greater diligence, but poorer success, to forget that she was 25 years of age while he was 16.

While he was 16, Dick had that she had been in society before he had gone into long trousers.

He used to remember with a lot of sentiment how she had in reality literally trained him. How one night when they were in the garden together, and the moon was soft and bright, he had given her a white rose, and if she hadn't suggested the next speech that should have gone with it, she came so close to it it didn't make much difference.

Then when he was trying with all the awkwardness of an 18-year-old boy to learn to dance, it was Kate who had shown him the step when his sister and the others had given him up as a dress-up trying out. And when he older boy, who had paid more attention to dancing school and less to the making of a living, had openly sneered at the efforts of his specimen for feet.

He was grateful to Kate for all this, of course, but still, sweet as she had been, there was a natural air of the veteran about her which he resented, realizing with burning ears how raw by comparison had been the material the he had to work upon.

There were the sort of things Dick thought upon as he sat alone in his rooms—the large and one small, over Marion's grocery store.

The family had left weeks before for Florida to spend the cold months there; their household goods had been stored and only Dick was left. Left because he was trying with might and main to gain a better position upon the staff of the Argus-Leader.

There were no rocks with guns in them, no tansies in Dick's apartments. There was a pipe or so with a heap of old magazines on the littered table, a confused carpet of old newspapers on the floor, and on a mean little coal stove a battered coffee pot still sputtered. On a chair stood the dishes which represented a hurried meal, sent in by a nearby restaurant, and hurried because there was nothing to hunger over.

In the stove soft coal smoked dis-



"WHERE DID YOU COME FROM?" mally or sputtered, according to the quality of the tiny lump it contained, sometimes sending out from a tarry bubble a thin, hissing jet of nauseous gas.

The bed was unmade and the sheets were yellowed from bad laundering. Dick, hunched in a deep chair, looked about at his surroundings with disgust. It seemed a shame that a man of 21, possessed of enough sense to hold a position worthy at corporation figures of \$30 per week, should live like a pig.

He slammed the jarring stove door in the smoke, took up his hat, overcoat and pipe, and with a last look at the untidy room, went out. Anytime, he felt, was better than this—unneeded work at the office.

Call on Kate? Not much. Not when for two months he had tried to show her that he didn't really need another guardian.

Not a guardian two or three years older at that.

He clattered down the uncarpeted stairs, and at the snowy sidewalk, dazzled with the glare, almost collided with a young woman, apologizing finally for his clumsiness.

"Why, Dick Wortham!" Dick pulled himself together and stared half understanding into a face he knew, a sweet face with laughing blue eyes, smiling on him over the fur, and before he knew it a little snugly-gloved hand was in his and he was wringing it hard.

"Katie Kardock!" he almost shouted. "Speaking of angels. Here, step under the awning out of the snow and let me look at you."

"Where did you come from?" demanded the girl, noting with observant eyes that Dick needed a shave badly.

"From upstairs," answered Dick, the light going out of his face. "It's an awful hole, Kate. Wish you could see it."

NEARLY FORFEITS HIS LIFE

A runaway almost ending fatally, started a horrible ulcer on the leg of J. B. Orner, of Franklin Grove, Ill. For four years it defied all doctors and all remedies. But Buck Jen's Arnica Salve had no trouble to cure him. Equally good for burns, bruises, skin eruptions and piles, 25¢ at all druggists.

PRINT IS FADED

"Oh, let me see it!" she exclaimed, impulsively. The thought almost took her breath away. Dick stared at her. He bit his lip hard.

"See here, Kate," he said. "I don't mean to hurt you—you know, but—oh, pshaw—you know what I mean. I can't do it, that's all."

"Now, Dick," she said, coaxingly. "Nobody will ever know. I'll just peep in. Didn't we agree I was to be your mother?"

"Not this trip," said Dick, with cheerfulness rising at the sense of duty done, as it will in men at times. "Mother or not, you're going home, young lady, and I'm going to take you. Come on."

"I believe you're ashamed of your new home," rallied the girl. "Anyway if you don't care to take me it don't make any difference." The furs were given a suggestive shrug. Dick had swung beside her and they were walking along the white sidewalk.

"Dick!"

"Well," answered Dick, briefly. "It's awful, I know, but Dick, I won't go in, truly I won't. Anyway you're a newspaper man, and it's like an artist's studio."

"Yes," said Dick, "and living room and kitchen and bedroom. See here, Kate." He stopped and pawed the hard snow. "You know just as well as you're standing there I'd do anything on earth for you. You know it. But that—See here—I think too much about you to let you do it."

The girl drew her wrap about her and silently they resumed their trudging. Dick taking the rough snow and the girl daintily treading the beaten path. Suddenly she stopped again.

"Dick," she said, "if I get Walter to go with us will it be all right?" They had reached the house by this time. Dick considered.

"Well," he said, with a sigh, "I guess we have a nine-year-old brother will do. Get him and come along. But I'll tell you now, Kate, you'll never speak to me again after you see that place."

Dick didn't want to go much. It was cold; besides, wonderful to relate, he had his lessons to get. A quarter? Well, yes, he didn't mind getting so very much."

"Dick Wortham!" exclaimed the girl. "Aren't you ashamed—to bribe him?"

"Well," said Dick, spreading his cold hands before the fire, "you wanted to go. And you can't go unless I do."

Even the chaperonage of Walter did not make Dick feel comfortable as they ascended the bleak stairs. He felt like a sneak and said as much—in a whisper.

"How dark it is," said Kate. "I can almost feel the bats and mice."

Dick, looking apprehensively at the bottom of the stairway, mentally blessed the janitor for forgetting to light the gas, and resolved to the him. He did not breathe easy until the stout door had closed behind the three.

"Oh, Dick!" said the girl. That was all. Walter had discovered in the curtained alcove certain things of interest.

"Oh, you poor, poor boy," she said, softly. "How badly you do need a mother."

"I don't," said Dick, making a savage effort to keep his eyes dry in the face of the exposure. "I need you, Kate—you. Am I a baby, that I need?"

"Hush," said the girl, her eyes full of tears, pointing to the figure of Walter revealed in the swaying of the curtain. "After that?" And in a few minutes as they waited for a car Dick fancied he could still feel the swift touch of the warm fur on his face, as her head was pressed against his shoulder. He wanted to let loose the old college yell, and said so.

"Do it," said Kate, radiant, "I feel that way, too."

"Say, that was bully," commented Walter, approvingly.

The policeman on the opposite corner started, then he shrugged his fat shoulders. "Everybody's looney 'bout Crissum time," he commented, sagely.

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